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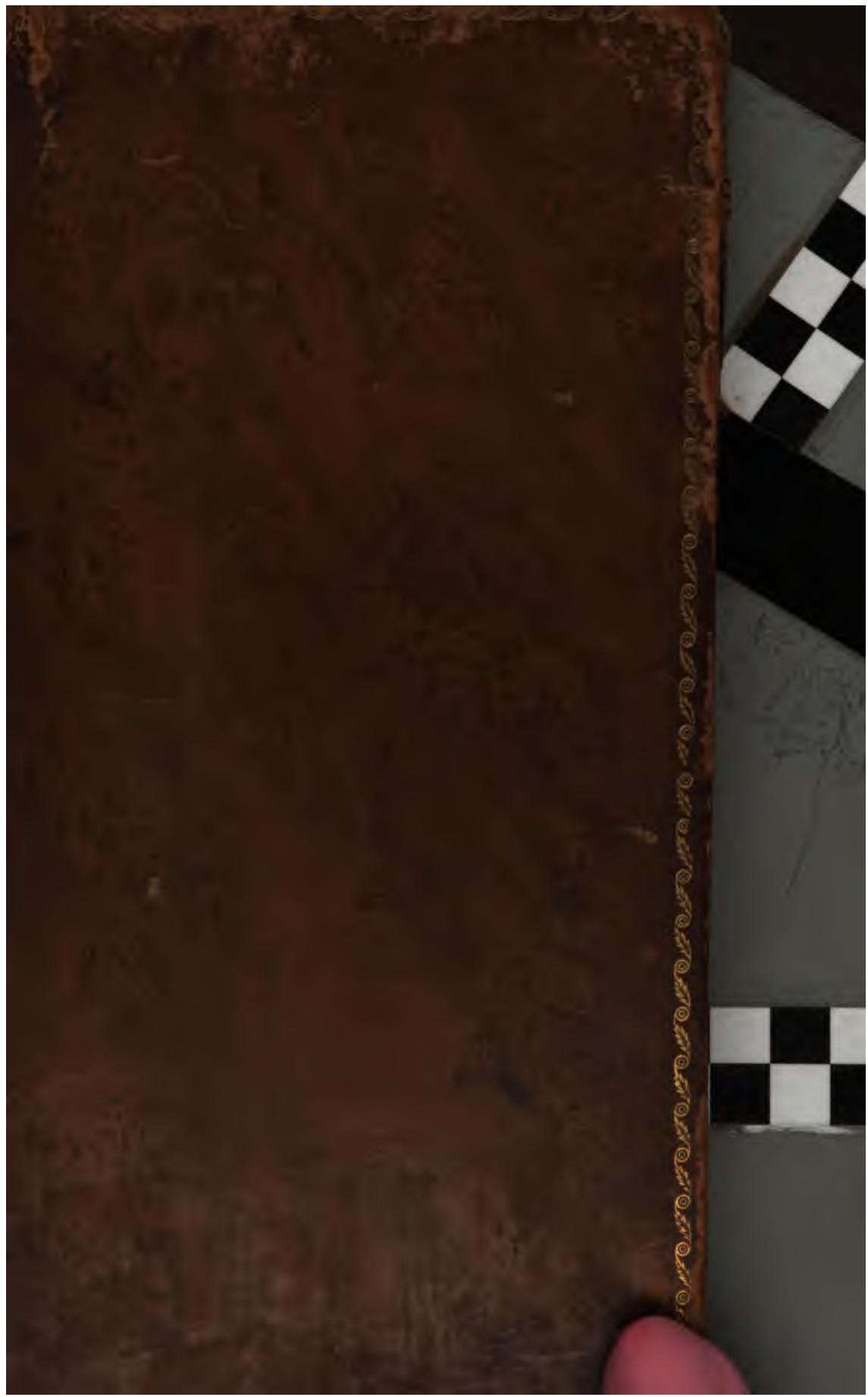
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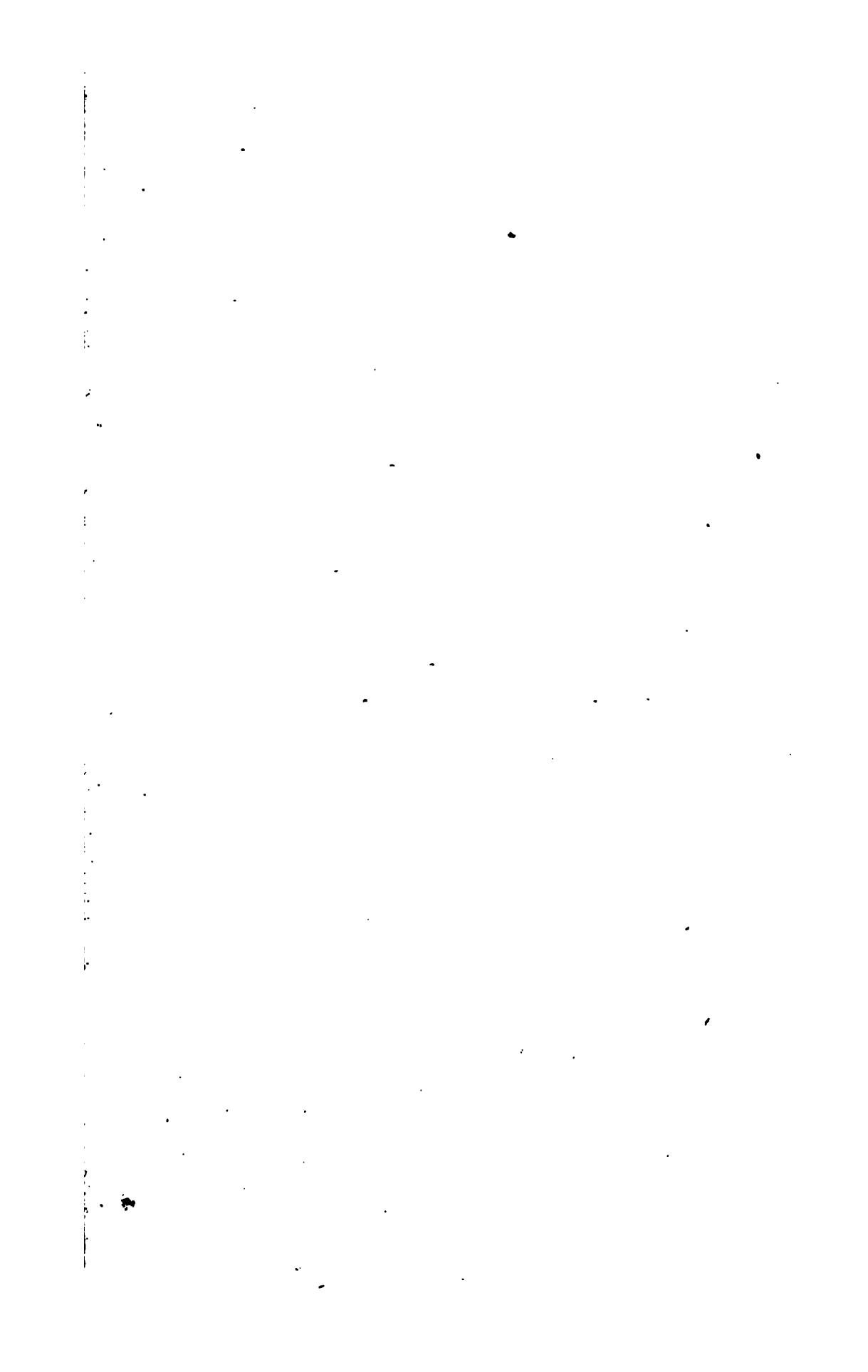
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THE SEASONS,

By

James Thomson;

With his Life, an Index, and Glossary.

A

Dedication to the EARL of BUCHAN,

and

Notes to the Seasons,

By

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.



London.

Printed for A. Hamilton, Gray's Inn Gate, Holborn.

1793.



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to

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

EARL OF BUCHAN.

MY LORD,

London, Jan. 19, 1793.

I WELL remember that I attended Mr. GREGORIE's mathematical lectures, with you, at ST. ANDREW'S. As an apology for thus recollecting those meetings, which produced no intimacy between us, I can only say, that the recollection is not altogether foreign to this Address;—that it is not altogether impertinent. I should never have thought of dedicating to your Lordship a very elegant Edition of four beautiful Poems of your illustrious Countryman, on account of accidental facts; on account of trivial circumstances. Nor is your rank, my

a

Lord, the ruling motive which impells me to request the honour of your attention: for mere rank gives ornament, and dignity to no man. But I observe, with pleasure, that *You* derive splendour, and consequence, from *Birth*, and *Title*;—for you have repeatedly convinced the world, that you regard intellectual honours more than *them*;—by your conduct, you seem to think them a reproach, unless they receive the reflected lustre of a cultivated, and generous mind.

IT is evident, from the manners of many of our modern nobility, that *their* theory is diametrically opposite to *yours*;—that they deem the advantages of institution, infallible dispensations from acquiring knowledge, and virtue. If this remark should be thought satirical, it is neither personal, nor false; therefore it is a moral truth.

THE motives, I hope, are, now, evident, from which I dedicate the SEASONS of THOMSON to the Earl of BUCHAN.

You, my Lord, have the strongest claims to the esteem, and respect, of an unfortunate, and persecuted authour, but who is far

from being unhappy. His satisfaction, indeed, arises from those objects, of which it has been impossible for power, and malice to deprive him. The tribute, which, on several occasions, you have been zealous, and industrious to pay to distinguished merit, shows that you would effectually have removed the calamities of some eminent literary men; from which they were neither exempted by genius, nor by celebrity; if *You* had been their countryman, and cotemporary; and if the extent of your power had been equal to the ardour of your generosity.

“ *FARING* like my friends before me;”—
faring far better than those infinitely superior, and great men, to whose memories I bow, with veneration, who make me
“ glow while I read, but tremble as I write;”
I eagerly seize an opportunity of publickly addressing your Lordship, when I consider what would have been the substance, and complexion of *their* fate, if it had been determined by *you*. If there had been *such* a happy coincidence of times, and persons,

CAMOENS would not have languished, and expired, in distress, at LISBON; CERVANTES would not have perished, by want, in the streets of MADRID; he would have lived, and died in affluence, if PHILIP had been animated with a soul like *yours*;—and BUTLER, and OTWAY would not have starved; they would have enjoyed all the real blessings of a rich, and free country; if it had been possible for independent worth, like *yours*, to have been a courtier of CHARLES the Second.

I FLATTER myself that your Lordship will candidly accept a Dedication, of which you have no reason to doubt the sincerity. I have long been elevated above adulation; if ever my heart was tainted with that despicable vice. The spirit of a man is often rendered mean, and abject, by a long series of misfortunes; I will not hypocritically regret, that they have had a contrary effect on *mine*. I will *endeavour* to make it my practice to oppose a calm, and determined pride, to an obstinate, and unrelenting adversity. Though I have given an invidious name to this affec-

tion of the mind, it must be far from implying a moral obliquity ; for it is as clearly demonstrated by it's nature, and effects, as by the disposition, and external causes, from which it originates, that it is the reverse of that sordid, and insolent pride, which is a consequence of the acquisition of wealth, and power ; therefore I hope that it is congenial with virtue.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.



THE LIFE
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born September the 7th, 1700, at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, of which his father was pastor. His mother, whose name was Hume, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country. It was probably in commiseration of the difficulty with which Mr. Thomson's father supported his family, having *nine* children, that Mr. Riccarton, a neighbouring minister, discovering in James uncommon promises of future excellence, undertook to superintend his education, and provide him books.

HE was taught the common rudiments of learning at the school of Jedburg, a place which he delights to recollect in his poem of "AUTUMN;" but was not considered by his master as superior to common boys, though in those early days he amused his patron and his friends with poetical compositions; with which, however, he so little pleased himself, that on every new-year's

day he threw into the fire all the productions of the foregoing year.

FROM the school he was removed to Edinburgh, where he had not resided two years when his father died, and left all his children to the care of their mother, who raised upon her little estate what money a mortgage could afford, and, removing with her family to Edinburgh, lived to see her son rising into eminence.

THE design of Thomson's friends was to breed him a minister. He lived at Edinburgh, as at school, without distinction or expectation, till, at the usual time, he performed a probationary exercise by explaining a psalm. His diction was so poetically splendid, that Mr. Hamilton, the professor of divinity, reproved him for speaking language unintelligible to a popular audience.

THIS rebuke is said to have repressed his thoughts of an ecclesiastical character, and he probably cultivated with new diligence his talent for poetry, which, however, was in some danger of a blast; for submitting his productions to some who thought themselves qualified to criticise, he heard of nothing but faults; but finding other judges more favourable, he did not suffer himself to sink into absolute despondence.

HE easily discovered that the only stage on which a poet could appear, with any hope of advantage, was London ; a place too wide for the operation of petty competition and private malignity ; where merit might soon become conspicuous, and would find friends as soon as it became reputable to befriend it. A lady, who was acquainted with his mother, advised him to the journey, and promised some countenance and assistance, which however he never received.

AT his arrival in town he found his way to Mr. Mallet, then tutor to the sons of the duke of Montrose. He had recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief ; but as he passed along the street, with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon every thing rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was stolen from him.

HIS first want was a pair of shoes. For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his "Winter," which for a time could find no purchaser ; till, at last, Mr. Millar a bookseller in the Strand was persuaded to buy it at a low price ; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret ; but, by accident, Mr. Whatley, a man not wholly unknown among authors, happening to turn his eye upon it, was so delighted [that he

ran from place to place celebrating its excellency. Thomson obtained likewise the notice of Aaron Hill, whom (being friendless and indigent, and glad of kindness) he courted with every expression of servile adulation.

“ WINTER” was dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton, but attracted no regard from him to the author; till Aaron Hill awakened his attention by some verses addressed to Thomson, and published in one of the newspapers, which censured the great for their neglect of ingenious men. Thomson then received a present of twenty guineas, of which he gives this account to Mr. Hill :

“ I HINTED to you in my last, that on
“ Saturday morning I was with Sir Spencer
“ Compton. A certain gentleman, without
“ my desire, spoke to him concerning me:
“ his answer was, that I had never come
“ near him. Then the gentleman put the
“ question, If he desired that I should wait
“ on him ? he returned, he did. On this,
“ the gentleman gave me an introductory
“ letter to him. He received me in what
“ they commonly call a civil manner; asked
“ me some common-place questions; and
“ made me a present of twenty guineas. I
“ am very ready to own that the present
“ was larger than my performance deserved;
“ and shall ascribe it to his generosity, or

" any other cause, rather than the merit of
" the address."

THE poem, which, being of a new kind, few would venture at first to like, by degrees gained upon the public; and one edition was very speedily succeeded by another.

THOMSON's credit was now high, and every day brought him new friends; among others Dr. Rundle, a man afterwards unfortunately famous, sought his acquaintance, and found his qualities such, that he recommended him to the lord chancellor Talbot.

" WINTER" was accompanied, in many editions, not only with a preface and dedication, but with poetical praises by Mr. Hill, Mr. Mallet (then Malloch), and Mira, the fictitious name of a lady once too well known. Why the dedications to " Winter" and the other Seasons, are, contrarily to custom, left out in the collected works, is not known.

THE next year (1727) he distinguished himself by three publications; of " Summer," in pursuance of his plan; of " A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton," which he was enabled to perform as an exact philosopher by the instruction of Mr. Gray; and of " Britannia," a kind of poetical invective against the ministry, whom the nation then thought not forward enough in resenting the depredations of the Spaniards. By this piece he declared himself an adherent to the oppo-

sition, and had therefore no favour to expect from the court.

THOMSON, having been some time entertained in the family of lord Binning, was desirous of testifying his gratitude by making him the patron of his "Summer;" but the same kindness which had first disposed lord Binning to encourage him, determined him to refuse the dedication, which was by his advice addressed to Mr. Dodington, a man who had more power to advance the reputation and fortune of the poet.

"SPRING" was published next year, with a dedication to the countess of Hertford; whose practice it was to invite every summer some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with lord Hertford and his friends, than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons.

"AUTUMN," the season to which the "Spring" and "Summer" are preparatory, still remained unsung, and was delayed till he published (1730) his works collected *.

HE produced in 1727 the tragedy of "So-

* The autumn was his favourite season for poetical compositions, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for study; so that he was often heard walking in his library, repeating what he was to correct or write out the next day.

“phonisba,” which raised such expectation, that every rehearsal was dignified with a splendid audience, collected to anticipate the delight that was preparing for the public. It was observed, however, that nobody was much affected, and that the company rose as from a moral lecture.

THOMSON was not long afterwards, by the influence of Dr. Rundle, sent to travel with Mr. Charles Talbot, the eldest son of the Chancellor. He was yet young enough to receive new impressions, to have his opinions rectified, and his views enlarged; nor can he be supposed to have wanted that curiosity which is inseparable from an active and comprehensive mind. He may therefore now be supposed to have revelled in all the joys of intellectual luxury; he was every day feasted with instructive novelties; he lived splendidly without expence; and might expect when he returned home a certain establishment.

AT this time a long course of opposition to Sir Robert Walpole had filled the nation with clamours for liberty, of which no man felt the want, and with care for liberty, which was not in danger. Thomson, in his travels on the continent, found or fancied so many evils arising from the tyranny of other governments, that he resolved to write a very long poem, in five parts, upon Liberty.

WHILE he was busy on the first book, Mr. Talbot died; and Thomson, who had been rewarded for his attendance by the place of secretary of the briefs, pays in the initial lines a decent tribute to his memory.

UPON this great poem two years were spent, and the author congratulated himself upon it as his noblest work; but an author and his reader are not always of a mind. Liberty called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises, and reward her encomiast: her praises were condemned to harbour spiders, and to gather dust.

THOMSON now lived in ease and plenty, and seems for a while to have suspended his poetry; but he was soon called back to labour by the death of the Chancellor, for his place then became vacant; and though the lord Hardwicke delayed for some time to give it away, Thomson's bashfulness, or pride, or some other motive, withheld him from soliciting; and the new Chancellor would not give him what he would not ask.

HE now relapsed to his former indigence; but the prince of Wales was at that time struggling for popularity, and by the influence of Mr. Lyttelton professed himself the patron of wit: to him Thomson was introduced, and being interrogated about the state of his affairs, said, "that they were in a "more poetical posture than formerly;" and

had a pension allowed him of one hundred pounds a year.

BEING now obliged to write, he produced (1738) the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, which was much shortened in the representation. It had the fate which most commonly attends mythological stories, and was only endured, but not favoured. It struggled with such difficulty through the first night, that Thomson, coming late to his friends with whom he was to sup, excused his delay by telling them how the sweat of his distress had so disordered his wig, that he could not come till he had been refitted by a barber.

HE so interested himself in his own drama, that, if I remember right, as he sat in the upper gallery, he accompanied the players by audible recitation, till a friendly hint frightened him to silence. Pope countenanced "*Agamemnon*," by coming to it the first night, and was welcomed to the theatre by a general clap; he had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical Epistle sent to Italy.

HE was soon after employed, in conjunction with Mr. Mallet, to write the masque of "*Alfred*," which was acted before the Prince at Cliefden-house.

HIS next work (1745) was "*Tancred and Sigismunda*," the most successful of all his

tragedies; for it still keeps its turn upon the stage.

HIS friend Mr. Lyttelton was now in power, and conferred upon him the office of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands; from which, when his deputy was paid, he received about three hundred pounds a year.

THE last piece that he lived to publish was the “ Castle of Indolence,” which was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy. The first canto opens a scene of lazy luxury, that fills the imagination.

HE was now at ease, but was not long to enjoy it; for, by taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which terminated in a fever that put an end to his life, August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church of Richmond, without an inscription; but a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster-abbey.

THOMSON was of stature above the middle size, and “ more fat than bard beseems,” of a dull countenance, and a gross, unanimated, uninviting appearance; silent in mingled company, but cheerful among select friends, and by his friends very tenderly and warmly beloved.

HE left behind him the tragedy of “ Coriolanus,” which was, by the zeal of his patron Sir George Lyttelton, brought upon the stage

for the benefit of his family, and recommended by a prologue, which Quin, who had long lived with Thomson in fond intimacy, spoke in such a manner as shewed him “to be,” on that occasion, “no actor.” The commencement of this benevolence is very honourable to Quin; who is reported to have delivered Thomson, then known to him only for his genius, from an arrest, by a very considerable present; and its continuance is honourable to both; for friendship is always the sequel of obligation. By this tragedy a considerable sum was raised, of which, part discharged his debts, and the rest was remitted to his sisters.

THE benevolence of Thomson was fervid, but not active; he would give on all occasions what assistance his purse would supply; but the offices of intervention or solicitation he could not conquer his sluggishness sufficiently to perform*.

AMONG his peculiarities was a very unskilful and inarticulate manner of pronouncing any lofty or solemn composition. He was

* As for the distinguishing qualities of his mind and heart, they are better represented in his writings, than they can be by the pen of a biographer: There, his love of mankind, of his country, and his friends; his devotion to the Supreme Being; and his humanity and benevolence, shine out in every page.

once reading to Dodington, who, being himself a readere minently elegant, was so much provoked by his odd utterance, that he snatched the paper from his hands, and told him that he did not understand his own verses.

THE biographer of Thomson has remarked, that an author's life is best read in his works: his observation was not well-timed. Savage, who lived much with Thomson, once told me, how he heard a lady remarking that she could gather from his works three parts of his character, that he was a “great lover, a great “swimmer, and rigorously abstinent;” but, said Savage, he knows not any love but that of the sex; he was perhaps never in cold water in his life; and he indulges himself in all the luxury that comes within his reach. Yet Savage always spoke with the most eager praise of his social qualities, his warmth and constancy of friendship, and his adherence to his first acquaintance when the advancement of his reputation had left them behind him.

As a writer, he is entitled to one praise of the highest kind: his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton, or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction, are of his own

growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train, and he thinks always as a man of genius; he looks round on Nature and on life with the eye which Nature bestows only on a poet; the eye that distinguishes, in every thing presented to its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast, and attends to the minute. The reader of the “Seasons” wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shews him, and that he never yet has felt what Thomson impresses.

His is one of the works in which blank verse seems properly used. Thomson’s wide expansion of general views, and his enumeration of circumstantial varieties, would have been obstructed and embarrassed by the frequent intersection of the sense, which are the necessary effects of rhyme.

His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects, bring before us the whole magnificence of Nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of Spring, the splendour of Summer, the tranquillity of Autumn, and the horror of Winter, take in their turns possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearances of things, as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year, and imparts to us so much of his

own enthusiasm, that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his part in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine; to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation.

His diction is in the highest degree florid and luxuriant, such as may be said to be to his images and thoughts “ both their lustre “ and their shade;” such as invest them with splendour, through which perhaps they are not always easily discerned. It is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear more than the mind.

THE highest praise which he has received ought not to be supprest: it is said by Lord Lyttelton, in the prologue to his posthumous play, that his works contained

“ No line which, dying, he could wish to blot,”

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SPRING.



Smith & Son.

Audinet Sculp.

THE LOVERS DREAM.

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SPRING.

BOOK THE FIRST.

Now teeming buds and cheerful greens appear,
And western gales unlock the lazy year. DRYDEN.

COME, gentle SPRING ! ethereal Mildness ! come ;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

S P R I N G.

O HARTFORD ! fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming and bencvolent, like thee. 10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the brecze ;
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill unglipht
To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

AT last from ARIES rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright BULL receives him. Then no more
Th'expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime ; and spreads them thin, 30
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs ; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost ;
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step ; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN ! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes ! blow ;
Ye softening dews ! ye tender showers ! descend ; 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun !
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
Such themes as these the rural MARO sung
To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.

IN antient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and aweful fathers of mankind .
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war ; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough ;
And o'er your hills, and long-withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded : As the sea,
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain, 70
Your empire owns ; and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land ; the naked nations cloathe ; 75
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world.

NOR only thro' the lenient air, this change
Delicious breathes ; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power 80
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay Green !
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !

United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever new delight. 85

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes ; and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains ;
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush ; one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110

Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from RUSSIAN wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls :
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135
Be patient, swains ; these cruel seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd

Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
 That o'er the vast ATLANTIC hither borne,
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze, 140
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

THE North-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
 Warms the wide air ; and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent. 145
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom; 150
 Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plumpy people streak their wings with oil,



To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds confign their treasures to the fields ;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion, o'er the freshened world. 175

THE stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander thro' the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap ?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth ;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds 185
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;
Till in the Western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes

Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195

Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around;
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand etherial bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion, running from the red, 205
To where the violet fades into the sky.

HERE, awful NEWTON! the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds;
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam; to give to light

Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes :
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank 225
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has nature flung
Their seeds abroad ; blown them about in winds, 230
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy ? The food of Man, 235
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years ; unflesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun, 245

Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.

Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away. While in the rosy vale 250
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ; 255
For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on ;
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260

Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.

This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart

Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy ; 265
For music held the whole in perfect peace ;

Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,

Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
Is off the poise within : the passions all
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire, 290
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells ;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
THESE, and a thousand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm : whence, deeply rankling, grows

The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came ;
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph ;
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : The Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temp'rate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 325
 Sound slept the waters : No sulphureous glooms

Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.

But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man

Is now become the lion of the plain, 340
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce-drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk
Nor wore her warming fleece : Nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high, 345
With hunger stung, and wild necessity ;
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.

But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350
She pours ten thousand delicacies ; herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth : Shall he, fair form !

Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: But you, ye flocks,
What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams? and lent us your own coat 360
Against the winter's cold. And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed, 365
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly suggest: But 'tis enough, 370
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the SAMIAN sage.
High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375
Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: Now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380

To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds, 395
High to their fount, this day, amid their hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400

JUST in the dubious point, where with the pool,
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ; 405
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.

Strait as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook : 410
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.

If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod ; 415
Him piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage ; and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed, 430
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course

Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 439

THUS pass the temperate hours : but when the sun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;
Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade :
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk, 450
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds. •
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Thro' rural scenes ; such as the MANTUAN swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift 455
Athwart imagination's vivid eye :
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;

All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah what shall language do? ah where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime

Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 490

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irrigous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk, 495

Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. ARABIA cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild ;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend : Around, athwart,
Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly ;
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

AT length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515

Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake, 520
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

BUT why so far excursive ? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530
And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red. 535
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks ; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run ; and while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :

Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintry winds ; that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ! and hark, how loud the woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse; while I deduce, 575
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring; and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 58a
Harmonious seizes; the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 395
And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening PHILOMELA deigns

To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600

The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake ;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: While the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

*Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate ; and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove ;
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
 Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625

In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
That NATURE's great command may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
Commit their feeble offspring : The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few ;
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
But most in woodland solitudes delight ;
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house

Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
Steal from the barn a straw : Till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows ;
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break ; and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food 670
With constant clamour : O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young ; 675
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast ;

In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN ;
 Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : Exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
 And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight ; and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.

Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows thro' the night ; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe ; till wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky :
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish WISDOM never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse : Till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
 Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plumy burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight ;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost KILDA's shore ; whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds ; 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire ;
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760

Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook ; who high amid the boughs, 765
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around, 770
Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatning, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 780
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace; and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world

Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders ; nor th' enticing bud 795
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight ; and, idly-butting feigns
His rival gor'd in ev'ry knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins : 800
Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong :
Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale ; then, steep descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,

Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
Turns in black eddies round ; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep :
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in briskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
Of iron war, in antient barbarous times,
When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew

To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Were Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads ;
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845

WHAT is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ! and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but GOD ?
 Inspiring GOD ! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
 Seems not to work : With such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

BUT, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring ! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 860
 The brute-creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ; 865
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile

Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you, the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you, the teeming clouds 885
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts 890
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895

By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world ! 900

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O LYTTELTON, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' HAGLEY PARK thou strayest;
 The BRITISH TEMPE ! There along the dale, 906
 With woods o'er-hung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play ;
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 910
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : The herds, and flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft
 You wander thro' the philosophic world ; 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.

And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time ;
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
BRITANNIA's weal ; how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm : While, with sure taste refin'd, 930
You draw th' inspiring breath of antient song ;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

PERHAPS thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace ;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme ; 940
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness ! which love 945
Alone, bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,

And verdant field, and darkening heath between ; 950
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoak, your eye excursive roams :
Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
The hospitable Genius lingers still, 955
To where the broken landskip, by degrees,
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year, 960
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
Down cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,

Where woodbinds flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours ;
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' enticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 996
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd,
 Rage, in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !

Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
'Tis nought but gloom around : The darkened sun
Loses his light : The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone 1010
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
Th' unfinish'd period falls : while borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs ; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love : Or on the bank .
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

THUS in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy East,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or, while the world
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page, 1040
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love : and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest ; 1050
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
OFT with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;
Sometimes in crouds distress'd ; or if retir'd 1055

To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man ;
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore ; where, succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;
 But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

THESE are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more ;
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.



Ah then ; instead of love-enlivened cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire ;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins ;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :
For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care ;
His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all
His brightest moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind ! 1110
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence: For nought but love 1121
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

LET him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let Eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere, lifeless, violated form ;
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,
 And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them ?
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ?
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 The infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

DELIGHTFUL task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh, speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart ;
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.

THESE are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,

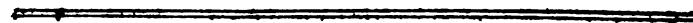
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING 1165
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.





S U M M E R.

BOOK THE SECOND.









Eric pax?

Ridley only?

S U M M E R.

*"Warm in her cheek the sultry season glowl'd;
And robd in loose array she came to bathe."*

London. Printed for Thos Kelly, 17, Paternoster Row. Oct. 17, 1818.



S U M M E R.

BOOK THE SECOND.

Now fragrant flow'rs display their sweetest bloom,
While gentle Zephyrs breathe a rich perfume. ROWE.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the sun, resplendent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth.
He comes attended by the sultry hours,

And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10
 And on the dark green grass, beside the briak
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, Inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite :
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an aweful world-revolving power
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
 To the kind temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND !
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step,
 Brown Night retires : young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine ;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limps, awkward : while along the forest glade

The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy ;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with PEACE he dwells ;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
 FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ?
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song ? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams ;
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildy-devious morning-walk ? 80
 BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the East. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo ! now, apparent all, 85

Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light ! 90
 Of all material beings first, and best !
 Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
 Shines out thy MAKER ! may I sing of thee ?

 'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourne
 Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

 INFORMER of the planetary train !
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead ; 106
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life.
 How many forms of being wait on thee,
 Inhaling spirit ! from th' unfettered mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne; as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay,
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car, 120
High-seen, the SEASONS lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours;
The Zephyrs floating loose; the timely Rains;
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews;
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms. 125
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragance shower,
Herbs, flow'rs, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.
Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace

Hence bless mankind ; and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

TH' unfruitful rock itself, pregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean ; and of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ; 156
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,

Drooping all night ; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats ;
His flock before him stepping to the fold : 221

While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health ! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight ;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale ; till, wakened by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :
Not mean tho' simple ; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,

And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.

TEN thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhor'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270

Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground :
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading ev'n the microscopic eye !
Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
Waiting the vital Breath, when PARENT HEAVEN
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,

Within its winding citadel, the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze ; 300
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305

EACH liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
The grosser eye of Man : for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,

On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unfaultering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
 Ev'n so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine ;
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370
 Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood

Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream ;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd, 395
Head above head : and, rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
Shines o'er the rest, the past'ral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405

Some mingling stir the melted tar, and somé,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
What softness in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
The treasures of the Sun without his rage :
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime ; and now, even now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all 435
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief ; thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose ;
Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither ev'n the Soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ; 445
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar ;
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

ALL-CONQUERING Heat ! oh intermit thy wrath ;
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce. Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
And restless turn, and look around for Night ;
Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines ; 460

Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure ;
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets hail !
Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;

A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OFT in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell ;
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estranged to fear : his nervous chest,

Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation ; these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes ; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ; 535
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide along the dusk,
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
" From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
" The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
" Where purity and peace imingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
" Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
" By noisy folly and discordant vice,
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
" HERE frequent, at the visionary hour,
" When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, in inmost sylvan glade: 560
" A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
" On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strains."

AND art thou, STANLEY, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon ! Tho' rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy ; who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse ; the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking back,
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose ;
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,
 It gains a safer bed ; and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by the afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615

Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint ;
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620

A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;
 There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the Torrid Zone :
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce thro' all the dazzling air.
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The general Breeze ; to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.

Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and double seasons pass: 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.

HERE lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods,
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems; and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day; yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,

Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze, 670
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine;
 More bounteous far, than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anâna! thou the pride 685
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand

Exuberant spring : for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
 In aweful solitude ; and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall ;
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas ;
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fall'n cedar, far-diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.

705

THE flood disparts : behold ! in plaited mail,
 Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd ;
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees

720

Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he 725
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert ; 730
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736
 The plumpy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

BUT come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky :
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb 750

The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;
 No holy Fury thou ; blaspheming HEAVEN, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.

THOU, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers ; 760
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay ;
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw
 Ethereal soul ; there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep

From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still Horror reigns ! a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd !
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne :
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pour.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,

Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along: 815

Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze;
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desart, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820
 And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric' lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous Ind 825
 Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar ;
 From Menam's orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque

Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees ;
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.

SWELL'D by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana. Scarce the Muse 840
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
In silent dignity they sweep along ;
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude !

Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow ;
And many a nation feed ; and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,



Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 861
This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits ? What the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what ?
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her od'rous woods, and shining ivory stores ?
Ill-fated race ! the softening arts of Peace ; 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach ;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast ;
Progressive truth ; the patient force of thought ;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world ; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN ;
Kind equal rule ; the government of laws, 881
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man ;

These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there; 890
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity; these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
There lost. The very brute-creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
In orbs immense; then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And dreadful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins

A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.

THESE, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Lybian wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 Her thoughtless infant. From the Pyrate's den,
 Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935

The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.

UNHAPPY he ! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone 940
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below ;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual thro' the tedious night. 950
Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, LIBERTY retir'd,
Her CATO following thro' Numidian wilds :
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains, 955
And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.
Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath ! 960
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,

And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965
 Son of the desert ! ev'n the camel feels,
 Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play ; 970
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.
 BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980
 Obeyes the blast, the aërial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells ;
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye.

Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm.
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow : By rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
With such mad seas the daring GAMA fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape ;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then, from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The LUSITANIAN PRINCE ; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1011
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015
Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death ;

Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons, 1020
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious stream : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend ;
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd 1040
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON ! saw
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw,
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;

Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse ; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends ? From Ethiopia's poisoned woods, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her aweful rage
 The brutes escape : Man is her destin'd prey ;
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070

Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of Men : unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns;
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society :
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.

BUT vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing ; while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung : the rage intense
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :
Fir'd by the torch of noon to ten-fold rage, 1095
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
And, rous'd within the subterranean world,

Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse:
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods, and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky ; surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky ; and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aërial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens

Cast a deplored eye ; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.

At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes
 And rolls its aweful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140

Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds, 1145
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls ;
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,

A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie :
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull 1155
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud 1161
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 And Thulè bellows thro' her utmost isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd : But such their guileless passion was,
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart

S U M M E R.

Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

’Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish ; 1180

Th’ enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,

Beam’d from the mutual eye. Devoting all

To love, each was to each a dearer self ;

Supremely happy in th’ awakened power

Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv’d

The rural day ; and talk’d the flowing heart,

Or sigh’d and look’d unutterable things.

So pass’d their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,

1190

The tempest caught them on the tender walk,

Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray’d ;

While, with each other blest, creative love

Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav’d

1195

Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look

Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye

Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.

In vain assuring love, and confidence

1199

In HEAVEN repress’d her fear ; it grew, and shook

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv’d

Th’ unequal conflict, and as angels look

On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,

With love illumin’d high. “ Fear not,” he said,

“ Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205

“ And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
“ In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
“ With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
“ That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
“ Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
“ Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
“ With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
“ 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
“ To clasp perfection !” From his void embrace, 1214
Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe ?
So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy
Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
Invests the fields ; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless man, 1235
Most-favour'd ; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd ? 1240
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below ;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
Instant emerge ; and thro' the obedient wave, 1250
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy-winding path ;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heat ;

—

Nor, when cold WINTER keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.

Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260

By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same ROMAN arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON fat, 1270
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.

There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows; falsely he
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275

She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280

Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought.
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd :
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire :
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?
 MEANTIME, this fairer nymph than ever blest
 ARCADIAN stream, with timid eye around 1300
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Ah then ! not PARIS on the piny top
 Of IDA panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305
 Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, DAMON, thou ; as from the snowy leg,
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze

In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view ?
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn ?
 Then to the flood she rushed ; the parted flood 1320
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd ;
 And every beauty softening, every grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed :
 As shines the lily thro' the chrystal mild ;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 Fresh from AURORA's hand, more sweetly glows.

WHILE thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embraç'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank

With trembling hand he threw. " Bathe on, my fair,
" Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1350
" Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt;
" To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
" And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345
So stands the statue that enchant's the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting GREECE.

RECOVERING, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful EDEN knew not; and, array'd 1350
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt; 1355
The charming blush of innocence; esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: ev'n a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
Hushed by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy: 1365

“ Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean ;
“ By fortune too much favour’d, but by love,
“ Alas ! not favour’d less ; be still as now
“ Discreet ; the time may come you need not fly.”

THE sun has lost his rage : his downward orb 1370
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital lustre ; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of HEAVEN,
Incessant roll’d into romantic shapes,
The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below, 1375
Cover’d with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves,
To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun’d to happy unison of soul ;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light ;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ; 1390
Now call’d abroad enjoy the falling day :
Now to the verdant PORTICO of woods,

To Nature's vast LYCEUM, forth they walk ;
By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395
Improving and improved. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport ; which the SIRE
Of love approving hears, and calls it good. 1399

WHICH way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
Or court the forest-glades ? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests ? or ascend, 1405
While radiant SUMMER opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene ? Here let us sweep
The boundless landskip : now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send ;
Now to the Sister-Hills that skirt her plain ; 1410
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.

IN lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver THAMES first rural grows. 1415
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :
Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat ;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,

Beneath whose shades in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy QUEENSB'R Y yet laments his GAY ;
And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless VALE of THAMES ;
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
In Twitnam's bowers, and for their POPE implore
The healing God ; to royal Hampton's pile ;
To Clermont's terrass'd height ; and Esher's groves ;
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.
Inchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
On which the power of cultivation lies, 1435
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landskip into smoke decays ! 1440
Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN of ARTS,
Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1445
Thy streams unfailing in the the SUMMER's drought ;

Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art ;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield; 1461
With labour burn ; and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu ; and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd ;
Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;

Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine ;
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
 And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 1490
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor ;
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.

FRUGAL, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine ;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd ;
 RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500

Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fettered ; and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505

And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

NOR can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.

A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land !
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul ;
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.

Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew

The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;

Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient learning to th' enlightened love
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 In awful Sages and in noble Bards ;
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.

THINE is a BACON ; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course ; him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd ; deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich soul, 1540

PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again. 1549

THE generous ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man ;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the moral beauty charm the heart.

Why need I name thy **BOYLE**, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works, 1556

The great **CREATOR** sought? And why thy **LOCKE**,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?

Let **NEWTON**, pure Intelligence! whom **GOD**
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560

From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen

Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1564

Is not wild **SHAKESPEARE** thine and Nature's boast?

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy **MILTON** met?

A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime. 1570

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle **SPENSER**, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:

Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage, 1575

CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy **DAUGHTERS** I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580

The feeling heart, simplicity of life,

And elegance, and taste ; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ; 1590
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself ; but all assaults
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU ! by whose almighty Nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls ;
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol ; white Peace, and social Love ;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent 1605
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind ;
 Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,

Healthful in heart and look ; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough Industry ; Activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ; 1615
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey ;
 And, ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs, 1625
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;
 Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

FOR ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ; 1630
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'T is so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank ;
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635

Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.

But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
Diffusing kind beneficence around,
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

CONFESS'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober Evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air ;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650
Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought despairs : thoughtful to feed 1660
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted : and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1665
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to pass
The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave 1675
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shun'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem ; and, thro' the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night ; not in her winter-robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,

And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene ;
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise, 1695
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky ; or horizontal dart 1700
In wondrous shapes ; by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds ;
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space 1705
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone ; the enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,

That wondrous force of thought, which mounting
spurns

This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;

While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds

Of barren ether, faithful to his time,

1720

They see the blazing wonder rise anew,

In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent

To work the will of all-sustaining Love ;

From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake

Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,

1725

Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps

To lend new fuel to declining suns,

To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,

And thy bright garland, let me crown my song ! 1730

Effusive source of evidence, and truth !

A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,

Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that,

Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,

New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735

Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,

She springs aloft, with elevated pride,

Above the tangling mass of low desires,

That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,

The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740

Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,

Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,

To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :

The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to **HIM**, 1745
 The world-producing **ESSENCE** ! who alone
 Possesses being ; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth ;
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence **POETRY** exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind ! 1755
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

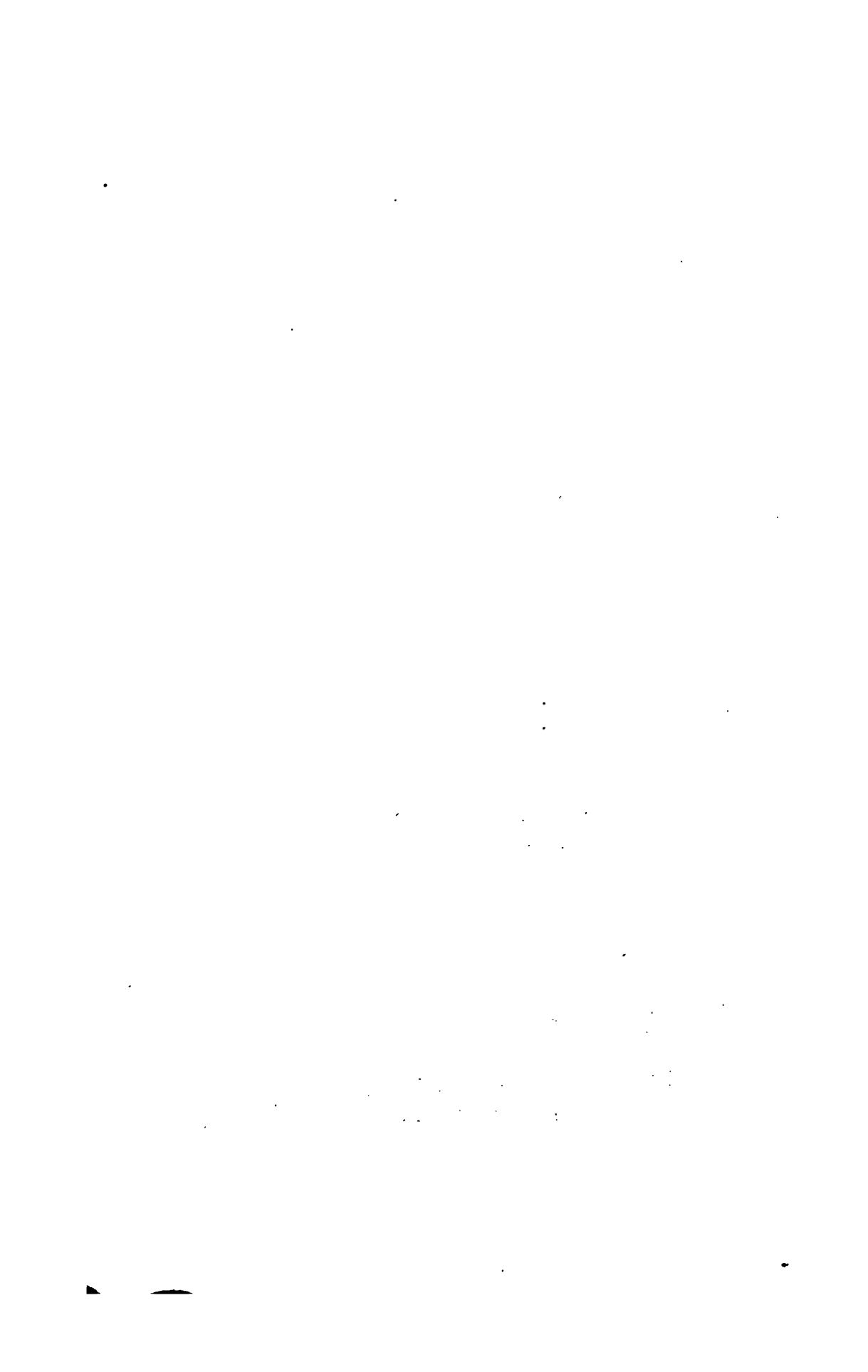
WITHOUT thee, what were unenlighten'd Man ?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd fur
 Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art, 1760
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law, were his ; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
 Mechanic ; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole ;
 Mother severe of infinite delights !
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770

And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation thro' : and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who spoke the word,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unsettled, and unmixed. But here the cloud,

So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of GOD ;
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.





A U T U M N.

BOOK THE THIRD.





AUTUMN.



H. Singleton pinx.

J. Cuper sculp.

PALEMON & LAVINIA.

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A U T U M N.

BOOK THE THIRD.

Now sun-burnt reapers seek the corn-clad field,
And ripen'd fruits delicious flavour yield.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost

Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
 Put in white promise forth ; and Summer-suns
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view ;
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONslow ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue ; 15
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
 But she too pants for public virtue ; she,
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder note ; and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
 And Libra weighs in equal scales the year ;
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.

Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough power !
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life :
Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite ; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal

Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty ; where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
Ev'n desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
" Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers ;
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire ;
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax ;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm ; 85

Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit :
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

THEN gath'ring men their nat'r'l powers combin'd,
And form'd a Public; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole; 100
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws;
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd. 105

HENCE every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
110

And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ; 119
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN, too, the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof ; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glittering stores : the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh ; beneath the touch

Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

140

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves ;
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While thro' their cheerful band, the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless ; to deceive the tedious time, 160
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ; but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The lib'ral handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ; 170
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want 175
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends,
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth ;
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 180
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale,
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Passion and low-minded Pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

HER form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,

As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
PALEMON was, the generous and the rich ;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220

Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ; 235
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :
“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,
“ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
“ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
“ Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
“ Of some indecent clown. She looks, methinks,
“ Of old Acastro's line ; and to my mind
“ Recalls that patron of my happy life,
“ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
“ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245
“ And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
“ 'T is said that in some lone obscure retreat,

“ Urg’d by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 “ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 “ His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 “ Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpriz’d his heart,
 And thro’ his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
 Then blaz’d his smother’d flame, avow’d, and bold ;
 And as he view’d her, ardent, o’er and o’er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus’d, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush’d a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour’d out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ AND art thou then ACASTO’s dear remains ? 265
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 “ So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 “ The softened image of my noble friend ;
 “ Alive his every look, his every feature,
 “ More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than Spring ! 270
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 “ That nourish’d up my fortune ! Say, ah where !
 “ In what sequester’d desert, hast thou drawn
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN ?



" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe ; where vernal suns, and showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy.
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " ACASTO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ; 290
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"
 HERE ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,

While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate ;
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening-hours : 306
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves ;
And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315
But as the aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense ! the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;

Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Sook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave. 335
 Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.

FLED to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355

Which covers yours with luxury profuse ;
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice ;
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural Game :
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.

Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370
Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'er takes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ; 380
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round

Alive, and happy. 'T is not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barb'rous game of death ;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark ;
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
The thistly lawn ; the thick-entangled broom ; 405
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits 410
Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd ; and all
The savage soul of game is up at once : 420
The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunters shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight ; 430
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murd'rous cry behind :
Deception short ! tho' fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435
And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440

He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack, 455
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Or this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the pretended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.

Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
 Refuse; but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chase;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490

Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur, 495
Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils ;
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife, 505
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale ; delicious, as the breath 515
Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
On violets diffus'd ; while soft she hears

Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
Flames in the light resplendent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

AT last these puling idlenesses laid 530
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, 539
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.

MEAN-TIME, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;

That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
And, opening in a full-mouth'd Cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls :
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,

Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.

Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene ; and wide, below, 560
Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side ;
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.

Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.

Far be the spirit of the chase from them ;

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;

To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ; 575

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,

In which they roughen to the sense, and all

The winning softness of their sex is lost.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;

With every motion, every word, to wave

580

Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;

And from the smallest violence to shrink

Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;

And by this silent adulation, soft,

To their protection more engaging Man. 585

O MAY their eyes no miserable sight,

Save weeping lovers, see ; a nobler game,

Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,

In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs

Float in the loose simplicity of dress ;

590

And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone

Know they to seize the captivated soul,

In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;

To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,

Disclosing motion in its every charm,

595

To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;

To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;

To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race 600
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give Society its highest taste ;
 Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank ;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array, 611
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree ;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair : 620
 MELINDA ! form'd with every grace complete ;
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625

Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt. 635
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
InnumEROus, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue :
Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
PHILIPS, Pomona's bard ! the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645
With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours. 650
IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day ;

Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain ;
Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view, 655
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !
Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;
New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat :
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665
For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence, 670
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum ; 675
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;

And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs, 685
Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes 690
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy : 700
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705
Descend the copious exhalations ; check'd

As up the middle sky unseen they stole ;
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon opprest, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 720
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog.
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 730
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoak along the hilly country, these 735
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;
But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 760

Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watry times again. 770

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading Genius, given to Man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss !
 O lay the mountains bare ; and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view ;
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds ;
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream.
 O from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The Dofrine Hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;

From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ 790
Believes the stony girdle of the world ;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;
O sweep th' eternal snows, hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base. 795

BID Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread ; unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon ! 800
O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold.

AMAZING scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose ; 805
I see the rivers in their infant beds !
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free !
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;

That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.

Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense ;
The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820

O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;
And welling out, around the middle steep,

Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825

In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830

In bounteous rivers to the deep again ;
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats : rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank, 840

And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.

Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845
 InnumEROus wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings; 855
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
 The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulè, and the Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native, his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880
 Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales; 885
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
 Whose past'ral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895

Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land ; for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain ?
 And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of toil ?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
 To form the lucid lawn ; with vent'rous oar
 How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ?
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing

The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe ;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep ?

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLL,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd;
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn;
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulph'rous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow :
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940.
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind ;
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round

Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet; 965
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks,

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,

Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a full despondent flock ;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun the music of the coming year
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground. 985

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
 Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 Their sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
 Of stronger fruits, falls from the naked tree ;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes !

His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
The softened feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far 1010
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the Mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015
As varied, and as high. Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment ;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth 1020
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ; 1025
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear,
With all the social Offspring of the heart.
 OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ; 1030

Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear.

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat

1036

Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land

In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;

O lead me to the wide-extended walks,

The fair majestic paradise of STOWE!

1040

Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore

E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art

By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd

By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,

All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.

1045

And there, O PITT ! thy country's early boast,

There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,

Or in that Temple where, in future times,

Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;

And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles

1050

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.

While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,

The regulated wild ; gay Fancy then

Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land ;

Will from thy standard taste refine her own,

1055

Correct her pencil to the purest truth

Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades

Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts; 1065
Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes corruption on her venal throne.

WHILE thus we talk, and thro' Elysian Vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts; when the proud foe,
The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
Thy temper'd ardour and thy vet'ran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky, 1081
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,

Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east ;
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries, 1091
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
Wide the pale deluge floats ; and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100
BUT when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd;
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135
 Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense! Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies; all beauty void;

Distinction lost ; and gay variety 1140
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge; 1145
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round; or gathered trails 1150
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph ;
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife, 1155
 And plaintive children, his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the better Genius of the night,
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits ; and shews the narrow path, 1160
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright ;
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165
 And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;

The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170
Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175
Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ;
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honeyed domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust. 1181
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away ?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
Nor lost one sunny gleam, for this sad fate ?
O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation ? When oblig'd,
Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food 1190
Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ?
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own

Again regale them on some smiling day?
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy; 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake; and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high;
 Infinite splendour! wide investing all,
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy thread
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1231
Begins again the never-ceasing round.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice Few retir'd, 1235
Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life 1245
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,

Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250

What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?

Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,

When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:

These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266

Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;

Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,

And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1289
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1299
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,



To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting germes,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310
 Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 1315
 Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
 Or what she dictates, writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

WHEN Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Extatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man.

OH NATURE ! all-sufficient ! over all ! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep 1355
 Light my blind way : the mineral strata there ;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;

O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust.

BUT if to that unequal ; if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition ; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song ;
 And let me never never stray from THEE. 1371



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W I N T E R.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

WINTER.



Singleton del.

Meyer sculpt.

THE SHEPHERD'S CARE.

Published by A. Hamilton, near Gray's Inn Gates, Holborn Decr. 1. 1792.



W I N T E R.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

Now drooping Nature sickens and decays,
While Winter all his snowy stores displays.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be the semy theme;
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,

And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And susg. of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
NOR art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive;

But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for the country's weal, 35
A steady spirit regularly free ;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dates not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year ;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world ;

Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.

68

THE soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrowed land
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm ;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear. 70

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure,
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain 75
Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air ;
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85

Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs; nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along;
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
 That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,
 Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115
 In what far distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 't is calm?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
 Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plamy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 ' RETIRING from the downs, where all day long

They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious, break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175

The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185

The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,

Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196
All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 't is midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train! 210
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life, thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit; and feed my soul 220

With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'T is brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,

In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind ;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft ; and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,

Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275
 As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darkened air ;
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes, 280
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of Man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death;
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

IN vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
IN vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse; 320
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

AH little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325
AH little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.

How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
Ev'n in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life, 350
One scene of toil, of suffering and of fate;
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355

The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail? 361
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

While in the land of liberty, the land 365
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
O great design ! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

MUCH still untouched remains; in this rank age,

Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 395
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up ; lur'd by the scent,

On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell; 415
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitude of waves;
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd;
As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside

The long-liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First **SOCRATES**,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
 That Voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death.
 Great moral teacher ! Wisest of Mankind ! 445
SOLON the next ; who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base ; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd ;
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone ;
 The pride of smiling **GREECE**, and human-kind.
LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm **DEVOTED CHIEF**, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then **ARISTIDES** lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal

Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild, and firm,
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the THEBAN-PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION the Good; in public life severe;
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten State, AGIS, who saw
 Ev'n SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train: 490

ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
Of fondly-lingering liberty in GREECE:
And he her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Or rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd:
Her better founder first, the light of ROME,
NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The PUBLIC FATHER who the Private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He, whom this thankless country could not lose,
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510
FABRICIUS, scioner of all-conquering gold;
And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
Thy WILLING VICTIM, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose;
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave;

Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd.

520

TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing ROME.
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.

And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart;

Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.

Thousands besides, the tribute of a verse

Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?

Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state, 530

Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:

'T is Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain!

Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,

Parent of song! and equal by his side,

The BRITISH MUSE: join'd hand in hand they walk,

Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch

Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd

Transported Athens with the MORAL SCENE:

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your kind! society divine!

541

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;

See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill with POPE descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND ? thou the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 556
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm 566
 Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?
 Ah ! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND ;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral World,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd, 585
By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
In general Good. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile ; 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress

These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
 Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we 600
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before;
 Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise;
 Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

MEAN-TIME the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625

On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,

To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph, 635
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.

The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE 650
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of Beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous BEVIL shew'd. 655

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire, 660
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of polish'd life ; permit the Rural Muse,
O CHESTERFIELD! to grace with thee her song.

Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ; 670
That elegant politeness, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court ;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point, 675
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.

OR, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,

When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd 680
BRITANNIA's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlightened thoughts ; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 686
And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power : as thro' the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves, 700
In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
ALL Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
 The purer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

710

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power! 715
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows; or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,

720

725

730

The village dog deters the nightly thief;
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

FROM pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
 Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night:
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
 The forest bent beneath the plumy wave;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock; or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760



While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The then gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Mean-time, to raise 775
The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents awhile to the reflected ray; 785
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam

Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this ? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone ;
Where, for relentless months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
Wide-roams the Russian exile. Nought around
Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;
And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,
That stretch, athwart the solitary waste,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 805
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
Save when its annual course the caravan
Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows ;
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
The fury nations harbour : tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,

Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815

There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows ; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.

The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils ; 820
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows ; 825
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.

There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk ;
Drove martial horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841

And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.

No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
Their rein-deer form their riches. These, their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.

Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste;
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865

WISH'D Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,

By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds;
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure Niemi's fairy mountains rise, 857
 And fring'd with roses Tenglio rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed; nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court; 895

And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 910
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 920
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun;

While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the BRITON's fate, 925
As with first prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 938
And to the stony deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

HARD by these shores, wherescarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men;
And half enlivened by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quivered savage to the chase.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 950
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 955
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
YE shades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd 960
Thro' long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charg'd with the stores of Europe home he goes!
Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;

Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980

And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.

Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990

Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,

Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once; 995

And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,

That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;

But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

ILL fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, lost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
Tempest the loosened brine; while thro' the gloom,
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye! 1020
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope; and lights them safe,
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'T IS done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd; VIRTUE sole-survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form; from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while luxury,

In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more:
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.





A H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER! these,
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat resplendent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, THOU bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE; marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
Breathe soft; whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

SOFT-ROLL your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round;
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,

Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
Ye valleys, raise; for the **GREAT SHEPHERD** reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75

YE woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm

The listening shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join

The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove; 90
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the **GOD OF SEASONS**, as they roll.

FOR me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray 95
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge 100
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers, 110
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educating good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

NOTE S
TO
THE SEASONS
OR
THOMSON.

PERHAPS no Poems have been read more generally, or with more pleasure than the Seasons of THOMSON. This was a natural consequence of the objects which they present, and of the genius which they display. In descriptive poetry, or as a poetical painter, I do not know an equal to THOMSON. The pictures of other poets, comparatively with his, often want precision, colour, and expression: because they are more copies from books than originals; rather secondary descriptions, than transcripts made immediately from the living volume of NATURE. With *Her* THOMSON was intimately acquainted: and as his judgement, his sentiment, his taste are equal to his diligent observation, the whole groupe of objects in *this* Poet, a little natural object, apparently insignificant of itself, takes consequence, from its association to others, and very much heightens and enforces the awful or beautiful assemblage. THOMSON's poetry is still more nobly recommended to his readers, by a most amiable morality, and religion; by a rational, and sublime adoration of God; and by a tender, ardent, and universal love of man. His powers in exhibiting natural objects, often strongly inculcate his morality, and religion;—the Painter, and the Sage are very fortunate auxiliaries to each other. The structure of his verse is, characteristically, his own;—true genius despairs all mechanical, and servile imitation: that verse is always perspicuous, energetick;—fully, and clearly expressive of his ideas;—not so easy, always, and flowing in its close, as we could wish.—The favourite objects of his mind did not captivate his imagination alone; they actuated and marked his manners, and his life. He was a most benevolent, as well as a great man:—he was a Poet of the first class;—he was an honour to SCOTLAND; to EUROPE; to MANKIND.

t

SPRING.

S P R I N G.

Verse 5th.—“O HARTFORD,” &c. This lady well merited THOMSON’s poetical encomium. She was equally distinguished by the graces of the person, and those of the mind. Her humanity, and her generous application to queen CAROLINE saved the life of the unfortunate SAVAGE; when, without that interposition he would have fallen a victim to a mistaken Jury, misled by an unfeeling judge;—“Hard words, and hanging, if your judge is PAGE.”—See JOHNSON’s excellent life of SAVAGE. I by no means think that inhumanity is a characteristick of Mr. BOSWELL;—therefore I was surprised to find, by some bold, and ill-grounded conjectures of this biographer, that the fate of SAVAGE has been singularly calamitous;—the injuries which he suffered, while living, were horrible;—repose is not allowed to his ashes; they are cruelly violated; and the charge of *imposture* is dragged into the society of his more venial faults, and vices. See BOSWELL’s life of JOHNSON, where he makes a particular mention of SAVAGE. That he was really the son of Lord RIVERS, and the Countess of MACCLESFIELD, we have no solid foundation to doubt: indeed, from some arguments which Mr. BOSWELL feels himself obliged to introduce, and which, of themselves, confirm the fact, that gentleman seems half to recant the charge which he had brought against the memory of SAVAGE. We might have expected, that from his implicit submission to every *Avr^os* *opⁿ* of his great ARISTOTLE, he would have been more tender (I should have said more *just*) to the philosopher’s departed friend.

Verse 17th. “The mountains lift,” &c.—The apparent, and gradual elevation of the verdure of the mountains is, in some degree exemplified in the monosyllables of this line.

V. 101. “Now from the town”—The objects and properties of the capital, and of the country, are, here, finely contrasted in sentiment, and in poetical perspective, and description.

V. 143. “The north east spends his rage:”—In this vernal shower, and in the imagery which relates to it, our Poet’s descriptive fertility, and art, are in all their strength, and beauty.

“ man superiour walks,
“ Amid the glad creation ; musing praise ;
“ And looking lively gratitude.”

This charming, moral, and pious picture, is a just and severe reproof to those unfeeling souls who pay not a tribute of ardent gratitude, and praise, to the goodness, and greatness of their Creator. The *many-twinkling* leaves is an expression in this description. Mr. GRAY applies the same epithet to a different image. Poets, while they wish to be strong, should not forget to be elegant, and easy. A fault in the great authour of the Seasons, is, sometimes a stiffness, a harshness of style:—compound epithets should be frugally used ; otherwise it will be evident that they glide not naturally into the genius of our language ; THOMSON uses them too freely.

V. 266. “ The lion’s—horrid heart—was *meekened* :” a word happily made by THOMSON ;—agreeably to the analogy of our language ; and expressively, in sound, of the disposition which it conveys.

V. 279. ———“ Reason, half-extinct,
“ Or impotent, or else *approving*, sees
“ The foul disorder.”————

That foul disorder can never, surely, be seen by *reason*, with *approbation*.

V. 349. “ But man whom nature formed” &c.—This pathetick passage from a muse who was eminent for humanity, if it cannot make us Pythagoreans, or Gentoos, should, at least, make us the merciful protectors of the animal creation, while we suffer them to live.

V. 453. “ There let the classic page thy fancy lead
“ Through rural scenes ; such as the Mantuan sage
“ Paints in the matchless harmony of song :
“ Or catch, thyself, the landscape, gliding swift
“ Athwart Imagination’s vivid eye.”

This is a remarkably beautiful passage, which closes with line 464.—we should not only be led by the classic page, through rural scenes ; but, like THOMSON, we should be attentive to catch the landscapes, ourselves.

V. 484. “ Those looks *demure* ;”—an epithet which is never now used (and perhaps should not have been used by our poet) in pure praise.

V. 591. “ Call up the tuneful nations” ———. The harmony of the poetical cadence, here, corresponds with the melody to which it alludes.

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V. 677. ————— “Even so a gentle pair,” &c.
How can the rich and powerful read this most affecting simile, without determining to enquire into, and relieve the distresses of their obscure, and poor, but patient and virtuous neighbours! The process of the feathered tribes, in the continuation, and care of their species, was never described in so just, and captivating a manner as it is by THOMSON.

V. 846 “What is this *mighty breath*, ye curious say,” &c.
————— “what but God!

“Inspiring God!”

If the wretch who denies the Existence of the Deity, without having absolutely lost his reasoning faculty, attentively surveys the works of the creation, and attentively reads the Seasons of THOMSON;—if this wretch can possibly still be an atheist, we must not impute the monstrous opinion to a weakness of understanding; but to a mind totally darkened by vice, and despair.

V. 900. “These are the sacred feelings of, thy heart,
“Thy heart, informed by Reason’s purer ray,
“O LYTTELTON, the friend!”

This whole passage is fraught with the generous enthusiasm of poetry, and friendship. Its picturesque parts are likewise admirable. The nobleman, here celebrated, well deserved the panegyrick of THOMSON. He was a mild, and benevolent man, an elegant scholar; a distinguished orator; an eminent writer both in verse and prose. JOHNSON is grossly unjust to his literary merit. But what attention is to be payed to the hypercritick, who tells us, that AKEN-SIDE’s Odes will never be read?

V. 959. “Flushed by the spirit of the genial year,” &c.

In his descriptions of love, too; of its effects on the animal world; and on the human species; of the effects of the unfortunate, and the successful; of the licentious, and the lawful passion, our Poet is without a rival. These descriptions are very particular; they are circumstantial; yet they never flag; they are every where characterized with fine painting, with a constant, and warm attention to nature; with poetical tenderness, ardour, and elevation. The concluding passage of the Spring, which begins with this line,

“But happy they, the happiest of their kind!”
presents to the mind of the reader two connubial examples, which are forcible enough to affect a Dutchman, and to reclaim a profligate.

I am unavoidably limited in the extent of my Notes on the Seasons; otherwise I should have paid to one of the most amiable, and greatest

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est of poets, a more assiduous attention. I am unfeignedly willing to acknowledge, that by the circumscription to which I must submit, more will be lost to my own private satisfaction, than to the information, or entertainment of the publick. Notes, indeed, to the works of true poets, are principally useful when they illustrate facts, which, by a long lapse of time may not be generally known; to *such* facts there is hardly one allusion in the Seasons; their authour judiciously, never refers you, but to celebrated persons or events. His sentiments, and descriptions are (what poetry should ever be) always perspicuous. The mind is rather distracted than delighted by the poet, whose thoughts, and pictures must be illustrated by frequent annotations:— Such a Poet is but a Tyro in the divine art; indeed, he deserves not the honourable and distinguishing name.



S U M M E R.

AMONG the many futile, absurd, and ungenerous passages in JOHNSON's lives of the poets, is the following remark on the SEASONS.—“ The great defect of the Seasons, is, want of method; “ but for this I know not that there was any remedy. Of many “ appearances subsisting all at once, no rule can be given why one “ should be mentioned before another; yet the memory wants the “ help of order; and the curiosity is not excited by suspense, or “ expectation.”—I must beg leave to assert that what I have now quoted, is absolute nonsense. Therefore, as it is not entitled to a particular refutation, let it be refuted by the poem which now engages my attention; and which is longer by several hundred lines than the other Seasons. It has all the order, and method that any sensible, and liberal critic; that any reader, except a dry, formal pedant, could wish. The poet surveys, paints, and enforces with a glowing, and animated pencil, with an affecting, and sublime morality, and religion, a Summer's morning, noon, evening, and night, as they succeed one another, in the course of nature (for surely,

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surely, the *many appearances*, in *any season*, do not *subsist all at once*). If *this* is not method, I know not what *is*. The most admired poems have their episodes, which, by no means, destroy, or confuse, the order of the principal fable. His description of noon is expanded with an interesting picture of the torrid zone, to which he devotes 460 lines. The rich, and ardent colouring of this picture, is congenial with the climate which it represents. If these lines are a digression, they are naturally connected with the main subject; they never lose sight of it; therefore they keep it continually in the mind of the reader. For his moral, and pious apostrophes, originating from his immediate object; for his charming episodes, derived from the same sources, he cannot be *reasonably* taxed with a neglect of regularity. To point out the particular beauties of his *CELEDON*, and *AMELIA*; of his *DAMON*, and *MUSIDORA*, would be, to affront the good sense, and good sentiments of my readers. They are beautiful tributes to virtue, to piety; to our best affections. *They* alone evince the falsehood, and the folly of another strange observation of our arbitrary critick;—"That it does not appear that " he had much sense of the pathetick."—The person who wrote this of *THOMSON*, must either have lost all remembrance of his authour, when he wrote it; or his own mind must have been ill adapted to sympathize with pathetick writing. The pathetick is one of the leading characteristicks of the Seasons; it inspired the life, and the numbers of this glorious *CALEDONIAN* poet. What feeling soul can read that letter from *him* to his sister, for which we are obliged to *Mr. BOSWELL*, and to *Dr. JOHNSON*, without tears! It is of infinitely more value than the life in which it is inserted. I would not do the least deliberate injustice to *JOHNSON*; he remarks *THOMSON*'s want of the pathetick (but he remarks it, in general terms, and without restriction) where he is criticising his tragedies. But even when applied to *them*, the remark is not just. I do not say that he does not often in his dramas throw out a strain of studied eloquence, and declamation, which would have been better substituted by the simple, and concise language of nature;—yet they are in several places, strongly marked with the pathetick:—the whole tenour of his *EDWARD* and *ELRONORA* (the acting of which play was prevented by ministerial resentment, and injustice) is eminently pathetick.

After having described *Summer*, and its effects in *our* fortunate island, he very forcibly, and I think, with great regularity, expatiates on those inestimable blessings which are peculiarly enjoyed by *the*

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the inhabitants of BRITAIN : he then pays his tribute of judiciously distinguished eulogy (and certainly with no incoherent deviation from his ruling objects) to those illustrious characters, who have distinguished, and elevated the annals of this country : and he closes the season with a peroration to philosophy, the noble instructor, and guide of life ;—a peroration which is characterized with elegance, and with a fine enthusiasm. All this I beg leave to call regularity, and a beautiful method.

What our formidable critick means by telling us that in reading the Seasons, “Memory wants the help of order, and the curiosity is “not excited by suspense or expectation,” it is difficult to say. It is so unsubstantial and random a censure that it may be applied, with equal propriety, to the best poem of VIRGIL, or of POPE. To excite that eager, and anxious curiosity, suspense, and expectation, which it is incumbent on the writer of a novel, or of a drama, to raise, did not enter into the plan of the *Seasons*; yet in reading them, every mind that has a genuine taste for poetry is always warmly interested, and affected, as it goes along; it proceeds with a delightful expectation ;—for it expects to meet with most excellent poetry; and it is never disappointed ;—with poetry which flows in a natural and easy succession of sentiments, and imagery; by THOMSON *lecta potenter erat res*; therefore,

Nec facundia deserit hunc, nec lucidus ordo.

Horace's Art of Poetry; v. 40.

According to the edict of JOHNSON, “The diction of THOMSON “is too exuberant, and sometimes may be charged with filling the ear “more than the mind.” I should be sorry to lose a single expression of that most amiable, and immortal poet; there is not a feeble, not a superfluous word in the *Seasons*; not a word which does not contribute to inform the mind, to enrich the fancy, or to improve the heart.

I have taken this opportunity, with pleasure, to vindicate, in *some* degree, the transcendent merit, and fame of one of our first poets, from the arbitrary censures of a rude, vulgar, and dogmatical chair. For the liberty which I have taken with a critick, who could never have been deemed an oracle but through the infatuation of prescription, I foresee the strictures with which I am to be assailed, by the stupidity of prejudice, and by the servility of fashion, and imitation, with a calm, and consequently, with a proper contempt.

V. 32. “With what an awful world—revolving power,” &c.

This passage includes a beautiful theology; the first general, and the subsequent immediate, and still active providence of the Deity.

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V. 71. "To lie in dead oblivion"—a fine incentive to vigilance; to a moral and intellectual economy of time. I lay a particular stress on those passages which inculcate *virtue*, and *piety*; from the practice of *them* alone flows our genuine happiness:—and while we practice *them*, we have lenitives for the worst calamities,

V. 285. —"Full nature swarms with life."—

We have the same thought amplified by POPE:

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth!

Pope's Essay on Man; Ep. i. v. 233.

V. 519. "These are the haunts of meditation!"—

Here in forty-two verses are magnificently displayed the great faculties, and talents of a great poet;—invention; high moral enthusiasm, and rapture. I cannot deny to myself the pleasure of quoting a similar, and very beautiful passage from MILTON;

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when we walk, and when we sleep:
All these, with ceaseless praise, his works behold
Both day, and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft, in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

Paradise Lost; B. iv. 677.

A shepherd in the AMINTA of TASSO, indulges a strain of sentiment, and imagery, congenial with that of THOMSON, and MILTON, to which I now refer. The reader will be pleased to accept it, from my translation of that Italian poem:

Together oft we cultivate the muses;
And with their scenes enrich our simple life.
Oft do the muses, on a beauteous eve,
The sky serene, and drowsy nature hushed,
Vouchsafe celestial sounds to rural ears;
And raise our humble minds above their stretch,
With such warm fancy, such ethereal forms,
As 'scape the vulgar intellectual eye.

Amyntas of TASSO; act 1st. scene 2d.

V. 821.

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V. 821. "Nor less thy world, *Columbus*," &c. Striking pictures of the vast American rivers.

V. 1070. "Savaged by woe:"—V. 1092. "Lurid grove."—Words made by THOMSON. This species of coining offends a mere philologist, when it does not violate the genius of our language; but when it conveys vigorous sense, or sentiment, it gives no offence to a mind susceptible of poetical pleasure.

V. 1364. —"The clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
" Incessant rolled into romantic shapes;
" The dream of *waking fancy*!

These last expressions very happily convey a very happy thought.

V. 1592. "O THOU! by whose almighty nod"—
An address to the Supreme Being, worthy of a poet, a patriot, and a christian.

V. 1620. "For ever running an enchanted round," &c.
This passage of seventeen lines, would have sufficient energy to reclaim vice; to banish extravagant luxury, and to substitute virtuous economy, and universal, and active benevolence in it's place, if inveterate habit, operating on the selfish depravity of human nature, could be subdued by the power of numbers.

A U T U M N.

Our best judgement, or our unsupported fancy, among these four beautiful Poems, may have supposed a superior excellence of one to another; though, perhaps, that superior excellence, cannot, with justice, be determined. The Winter of our authour has, I think, been commonly preferred to his other Seasons; I am not without my respect for publick opinion; though it is frequently, at least for a time, but *mere* opinion. I own that, after the most careful perusal of these poems, (and they may be read, with a most lively, and animated pleasure, every revolving year) I never could find that any one of them was eminently, or at all distinguished above the rest, by genius, and composition. It is probable that the Winter of THOMSON has

always

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always been *particularly* admired, because it was the first season which he gave to the world; the first enterprize of his poetical talents which opened his way to fortune, and to fame. If his Autumn, the poem which is now under my view, is, in the least degree, inferior to his other Seasons, for that inferiority (which I do not venture to suppose, without an humble veneration of the Manes of this divine poet) two reasons may be assigned. A muse, of whom it may be said, with a far juster encomium than of that wild rhapsodist, **PINDAR**, that she *sails, with supreme dominion, through the azure deep of air*; —the muse, who can soar with such majesty, reverses her direction, in the poem which is now before me, and dives, perhaps, with too much diligence, and minuteness, into the depths of our globe; into the *arcana* of Nature. As soon as a poet becomes scientifick, he rather forgets, and leaves his province; because he ceases to address the common knowledge, and the common sentiments of mankind. Hence, the *Loves of the Plants*, surveyed by Dr. **DARWENT**, with the microscopick eye of a naturalist, are one of the most improper, and absurd subjects for poetry that can be imagined.—Perhaps no poet could have been equal to **THOMSON**, in the eloquent, and interesting manner in which, in his Autumn, he has brought science to the attention of his readers:—his philosophical poetry is as superior to that of **LUCRETIUS**, as the theory of the Caledonian Poet is superior to that of the Roman.—This Poem may not affect, and strike the mind of the reader so forcibly as the other three, for *another* reason: he inferiority, if there *is* any, may be imputed to the subject.—Autumn, perhaps, has not such bold, and various characteristicks, as nature, and (consequently) art have given to Spring, to Summer, and to Winter.

In his description of the fate of the Savage, the following lines must be very pathetically expressive to every feeling mind, which, in civilized, and polite society, is unsupported by the dearest ties of human life:

—“*Home* he had not; *home* is the resort
“ Of love, of joy; of peace, and plenty; where
“ Supporting, and supported, polished friends,
“ And dear relations, mingle into bliss.”—V. 65.

V. 81. “*Gave the tall, ancient forest to his ax*”—

This is a harsh word for the conclusion of a verse: it is to be regretted that **THOMSON** (who, when he pleases, can be most delightfully harmonious) did not oftener close his verse, especially where the mind was, naturally, to make a pause, with an easy, liquid, and flowing

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flowing word, that might have corresponded with the soft, and temporary intellectual repose. This observation may seem trivial, or whimsical, to those who have not maturely considered the nature of poetry, or whose souls may not be formed for all the pleasure which it affords. HORACE tells us, that to put the merit of poetry to an infallible test, we must throw it into a prosaick order: and Dr. WARTON has adopted the rule of the great Roman critick. In experience, however, this rule by no means holds good. Poetical sound, melody, harmony, have effects, in a certain manner, and proportion, similar, and analogous to those of musick. And these combinations, and effects are essential to poetry; it is not poetry without them. The influence of a number of fine verses on the mind of the *elegant* reader, will be greatly enforced, or enfeebled, by the happy, or unfortunate choice, and station, of a single word. The stream of THOMSON's poetry is always clear, and vigorous; but it is too disdainful of an easy flow.

V. 140.—“Forming art, *Imagination-flushed.*”

The epithet is expressive: but the compound is harsh; the bold, and abrupt sound, too, grates the ear; and therefore hurts, and repels the mind, when, at the end of this energetick paragraph, it wished to melt away, with the Poet, down a more gentle, and *dying fall.*

V. 177. “The lovely, young LAVINIA,” &c.—Simplicity, elegance, pathos, and the humane, and generous virtues, mark this charming tale. When our Poet wrote it, his fancy must have been warmly impressed with the beautiful history of RUTH. That history presents to us a most engaging picture of primitive manners, and virtues. Its simplicity steals upon, and captivates the mind.—How affecting are the following artless, and easy expressions; because they convey all the sincerity, and tenderness of the soul!—“And RUTH “ said [to NAOMI] intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from “ following after thee; for whither *Thou* goest, *I* will go; and where “ *Thou* lodgest, *I* will lodge; *thy* people shall be *my* people; and *thy* “ God, *my* God:—where *Thou* diest, will *I* die; and there will I be “ buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death “ part thee, and me!”—*Ruth, chap. 1st. v. 16*—What a pleasing description of early times does the following verse contain!—“ And “ behold BOAZ came from BETHLEHEM, and said unto the reapers, “ the Lord be with you. And they answered him; the Lord blesse “ *Thee!*”—*Ruth, chap. 2d. v. 4th.*—The reciprocal language of modern christian farmers, and their reapers, is, I fear, very different from

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that of these good old Jews. The fine spirit of the Hebrew narrative lost nothing while it was transfused by THOMSON.

V. 350. —“*Clamant* children dear:”—a word made by THOMSON.

V. 379. and v. 426. begin paragraphs which do great, and equal honour to the genius, and to the heart of the authour. The interest which he takes in the fate of the animal creation, strongly recommends his poetry to every good, and truly religious man. If a soul disgraced, and debased with hunting, had any feeling left, what answer would it make to this address of our poet to beasts of prey?

“ Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, *our* wanton rage ;
“ For hunger kindles *you*, and lawless want ;
“ But lavish-fed, in Nature’s bounty roll’d,
“ To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
“ Is what *your* horrid bosoms never knew. V. 396.

His description of the persecuted stag is, all, in his own warm sentiment, and fine colouring. These lines are remarkably beautiful, and pathetick ; while the stag is persued, and harrassed,

“ He sweeps the forest oft, and sobbing sees
“ The glades mild-opening to the golden day ;
“ Where, in kind contest with his butting friends,
“ He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.” V. 441.

If the *Aethiopian* could *change his skin*, or *the leopard his spots* ; or if a NIMROD could be humanized, the following picture of the last distress, and death of this beautiful animal would make him feel something like sympathy.

“ What shall he do ? his once so vivid nerves,
“ So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
“ Inspire the course ; but fainting, breathless toil,
“ Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
“ And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
“ The big, round tears run down his dappled face ;
“ He groans in anguish ; while the growling Pack,
“ Blood-happy, hang at his fair, jutting chest ;
“ And mark his beauteous, chequered sides, with gore.” V. 449.

V. 483. “ But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
“ Is hurried wild,” &c.

Here, in forty eloquent, and persuasive lines, he shows how abhorrent the natural softness of the fair sex is from the sports of the field ; and he strongly inculcates to that sex an undivided attention to their proper duties, and accomplishments. Nothing can be more disgusting

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disgusting than a HARPALYCE, to a man of experience, and reflection. The character includes indifference to her husband, and children, a general depravity, and barbarity of heart :—roughness of disposition, in a *man*, may be combined with some generous, and noble qualities ; for in *him*, the influence of *reason* is vigorous, and not easily eradicated : but when *woman*, in any instance, habitually violates humanity, she gradually loses all *sentiment* : or, in other words, the foundation of her virtues.

V. 881. THOMSON, undoubtedly, with the strictest truth, here describes the tenour, and habit of his poetical life :

“ I solitary court
“ The inspiring breeze ; and meditate the book
“ Of Nature, ever open ; aiming, thence,
“ Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.”

V. 915. “ He comes, he comes ; in every breeze, the power
“ Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes !”

Here, two passages, or paragraphs, which consist of seventy-three lines, are highly distinguished by poetical spirit, and fire ; by invention ; and by a glorious eulogy on the illustrious father of our present minister.

V. 1083. “ Ah ! see, where robbed, and murdered,” &c.

A beautiful complaint over the destruction of a bee-hive. Such a master of the pathetick is THOMSON, that he actually excites a very lively compassion, in the breast of the reader, for the fate of these little people !

V. 1146. “ Oh ! knew He but his happiness,” &c.

From this line to the end of the *Autumn*, flows a strain of moral, and philosophical poetry, which, perhaps, was never excelled. It woos every heart which is not corrupted by bad habits, and passions, to innoxious rural pleasures, and to rural tranquillity ; to that knowledge which purifies, and exalts the heart, and mind ; and rivets the invaluable principles of virtue, and religion.

W I N T E R.

ON a careful re-perusal of this Season, it seems to deserve all the distinguished admiration, and praise which it has received. It's unrivalled excellence, was, perhaps an effect which was produced in the mind of THOMSON by the Season itself, parsimonious of the productions of the earth, but fruitful of poetry.—The objects of Winter peculiarly strike sensibility, and sentiment, with the Solemn, and the Awful; we are, then, deeply affected with the tremendous Majesty of the Divine Maker of Winter;—and hence, the true poet, will, at this Season, if he takes it for his subject, display the noblest excellences of his powerful art; his strains will be, naturally consecrated to the Grave, the Moral, and the Sublime. This Season presents no gay, flourishing, and sportive scenes;—consequently the bard retires more into himself, now, than at other times; owes more to his own faculties, and acquirements; is more intent on the works, and achievements, of the human, and eternal mind. These remarks, I hope, will be thought to have some foundation, by him who reads the poem of Winter, with that close, and warm attention which it highly deserves.

His address to the Season, and to the Earl of WILMINGTON, at the beginning of Winter, is extremely pathetick, and harmonious.

V. 118. "When from the pallid sky," &c.

The various presaging marks of the storm, and the description of the storm itself, are equally distinguished by their accuracy, and by their force; they are striking charactericks of their great object: they form *one* of the many eminent examples of that penetrating, and indefatigable attention to nature, and of those astonishing powers to paint her, in which THOMSON is without a rival. In the following lines, popular superstition, and credulity, are converted into fine poetical machinery:

" Then, too, they say, through all the burdened air,
" Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
" That uttered by the DEMON of the NIGHT,
" Warn the devoted wretch of woe, and death."

V. 205.

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V. 205. "Let me associate with the serious Night," &c.—An address to man, and another to God, which would produce excellent effects in our conduct, if attention, and reformation were to be commonly expected from habitual folly, and vice.

V. 245. — "One alone,
"The red-breast," &c.

This little timorous, and beautiful bird, gradually domesticating with man, in the desolate Season, deserved the tribute of Thomson's picturesque, humane, and most amiable muse.

V. 276. — "As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
"All winter drives along the darkened air;" &c.

This description of the man perishing in the storm of snow has arrested the attention, and the affections of every reader in whose composition there was a spark of feeling.—We enter into all the hopes, and fears; into all the recollections; into all the fond images, into all the distress, anguish, and despair of the dying person. With him, we feel the icy hand of death creeping over our frame.—Our poet, as a sagacious, most observing, and sympathising man, not only made himself master of all the situations, and sentiments of his fellow-creatures; so comprehensive was his mind, and so exquisite was his sensibility, that he seems to have seen, and felt, even the process of the vegetable world: and the sufferings, and enjoyments, the ideas, and the thoughts, of the animal creation. A short quotation, or two, will illustrate, and justify my remark. In his *Summer*, after the sheep, *the soft, fearful people*, have been forced to commit their woolly sides to the flood,

"Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
"Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
"Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
"Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild,
"Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints,
"The country fill; and tossed from rock to rock,
"Incessant bleatings run around the hills," &c.

Summer, v. 384.

I regret that the limits of these Notes will not allow me to quote, from *Autumn*, the whole Elegy on the ill-fated Hive of Bees.

"Ah! see, where robbed and murdered, in that pit,
"Lies the still-heaving hive! at evening snatched,
"Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
"And fixed o'er sulphur; while, not dreaming ill,
"The happy people, in their waxen cells,
"Sat, tending publick cares, and planning schemes

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“ Of temperance, for winter poor ; rejoiced,
“ To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
“ Sudden, the dark, oppressive steam ascends ;
“ And used to milder scents, the tender race,
“ By thousands tumble from their baneeyed domes,
“ Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.

* * * * *

“ See where the stony bottom of their town
“ Looks desolate, and wild ; with here and there
“ A helpless number, who the ruined state
“ Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.”

Autumn, v. 1083.

The provident faculties which are, here given to Bees, will not seem extravagant to those who reflect on the wonderful art, and conduct of those animals, and who recollect that some accurate observers of nature

Esse apibus partem DIVINÆ MENTIS, et haustus
Ethereos dixerit. *Virgil, Georg. iv. v. 221.*

V. 383. “ Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.”

Here are six lines that should be *properly* considered by the legislators of a country, whose freedom, and secure enjoyment of property, have been long, and often boasted.

V. 424. “ Now, all amid the rigours of the year,” &c.

From this to the 690th verse, we are entertained with strains of poetry distinguishedly fine :—to several of the celebrated characters of GREECE, and ROME, their proper, and respective eulogies are given : Some of our own worthies have their merited distinction ; the heroes, and heroines of the Tragick Muse are presented to us, with dramatick force ;—and we are invited by all the eloquence, and power of numbers, to a contemplation of the great objects of morality, and of natural religion.

V. 827. “ Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear”—

From this instance, too, it appears that our admirable Poet surveyed the situations, and sentiments of animals, with a most pervading imagination.

V. 979. ——————“ Repressing, here,

“ The frantic ALEXANDER of the north ;” &c.

The Czar, PETER, was a very great man ; though he had very exceptionable, very detestable qualities. On the banks of the PRUTH, indeed, he behaved in an imprudent, and despicable manner. I am sorry that THOMSON hath sacrificed the glory of CHARLES

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CHARLES to the Russian Hero. The sacrifice was worthy of Lord CHESTERFIELD; but it was unworthy of a Poet. However, I am not to learn, from *this* instance, that even Poets are apt to be very slow, and parsimonious, in acknowledging, and defending, the merit of the Unfortunate.

V. 1023. " 'Tis done; dread Winter spreads his latest glooms;
" And reigns, tremendous, o'er the conquered year." &c.

It is not in the magick of poetical numbers, more powerfully to captivate us to an active humanity; to gratitude to Heaven; and to a perfect, and serene resignation to it's will, than we are charmed to these virtues, in the close of the Seasons. The subsequent Hymn to the Deity does equal, and infinite honour, to the poetical genius, and to the feeling, and sublime piety of it's authour;—it, at least, equals MR. POPE's UNIVERSAL PRAYER. Indeed, the merit of these two prayers is of different kinds. The reasoning, and argumentative substance of POPE's prayer is adorned, and enforced, with the beauty, and dignity of numbers. Sentiment and imagery, are the essential constituents of THOMSON's Hymn: and to *his* versification they owe all the colouring, and expression that versification can bestow.

THOMSON's Poem of " LIBERTY" (says DR. JOHNSON, in his Life of our Poet) when it first appeared, I tried to read, and soon desisted; I have never tried again, and therefore will not hazard either praise or censure."—As that Poem was written by the authour of the *Seasons*, I am persuaded that the reader will easily forgive me for offering him, here, some remarks on it's merit, and on the fastidious manner in which it was treated by DR. JOHNSON. Most Poets have their conspicuous master-piece; the Seasons are THOMSON's, beyond all controversy. The spirit, and style with which a Poem is executed, depends greatly on the judgement, and taste with which it's fable is chosen, and arranged. The plan of *Liberty*, which unfortunately, is minutely, and circumstantially historical, spreads a damp, and a languor through several parts of the Poem. I must likewise acknowledge that the composition of it's language often wants the perspicuity of the authour of the *Seasons*. It is, however, as often marked with the *manner* of a great master; and it hath several passages which are completely worthy of the Poet by whom they were written. It may seem surprizing that a *Lexicographer* had not patience to peruse the Poem of *Liberty*; *He*, who, one day, told the authour of these notes, that he liked *muddling work*; *that* was

§

his

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his expression. For the disgust, however, which this unfortunate Poem soon gave him, I can easily account, to those who are at all acquainted with his real habits, and character.

With all his achievements in the republick of letters, he gave way to long intervals of the most unmanly, and torpid indolence. This indolence prevented him from being properly acquainted with several books, which are carefully perused by every man who deserves the title of a scholar. I was not a little surprized when he told me, that he had only read parts of my Lord CLARENDON's History. If he recoiled from a history which is written strongly in favour of towering prerogative; we need not wonder that he was violently repelled from a Poem which is fraught with encomiums on *equal* liberty. For, the other reason, undoubtedly, why he so soon desisted, after he had begun to read that Poem, was his prejudiced and ungenerous dislike of the glorious subject: he treats the very word, **LIBERTY**, which, properly understood, comprehends every thing that is dear to man, with an indecent, and *contemptible contempt*, in his Lives of the Poets; and in several of his other works. The well-proportioned, and fair fabrick of our Constitution is half-way between the star-chamber of **SAMUEL JOHNSON**, and the tap-room of **THOMAS PAIN**.

There are several very fine passages in the Poem of Liberty; but **JOHNSON**, as I have already observed, from his inveterate prejudices, disliked the subject. Surely, a Poem which is adorned with the following imagery, and language, might have been perused by **one**, whose talents were too often obliged to submit to works of mere industry, and labour.—**LIBERTY** thus describes the **GENIUS** of the **DEEP**, whom she met as she was advancing towards **BRITAIN**, after she had left the more Northern nations:

As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
To my near reign, the happy isle I steered,
With easy wing; behold, from surge to surge,
Stalked the tremendous Genius of the Deep;
Around him clouds, in mingled tempest hung;
Thick-flashing meteors crowned his starry head;
And ready thunder reddened in his hand;
As from it streamed, compressed, the glowing cloud.
Where'er he looked, the trembling waves recoiled:
He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook,
From shoar to shoar, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To me his voice

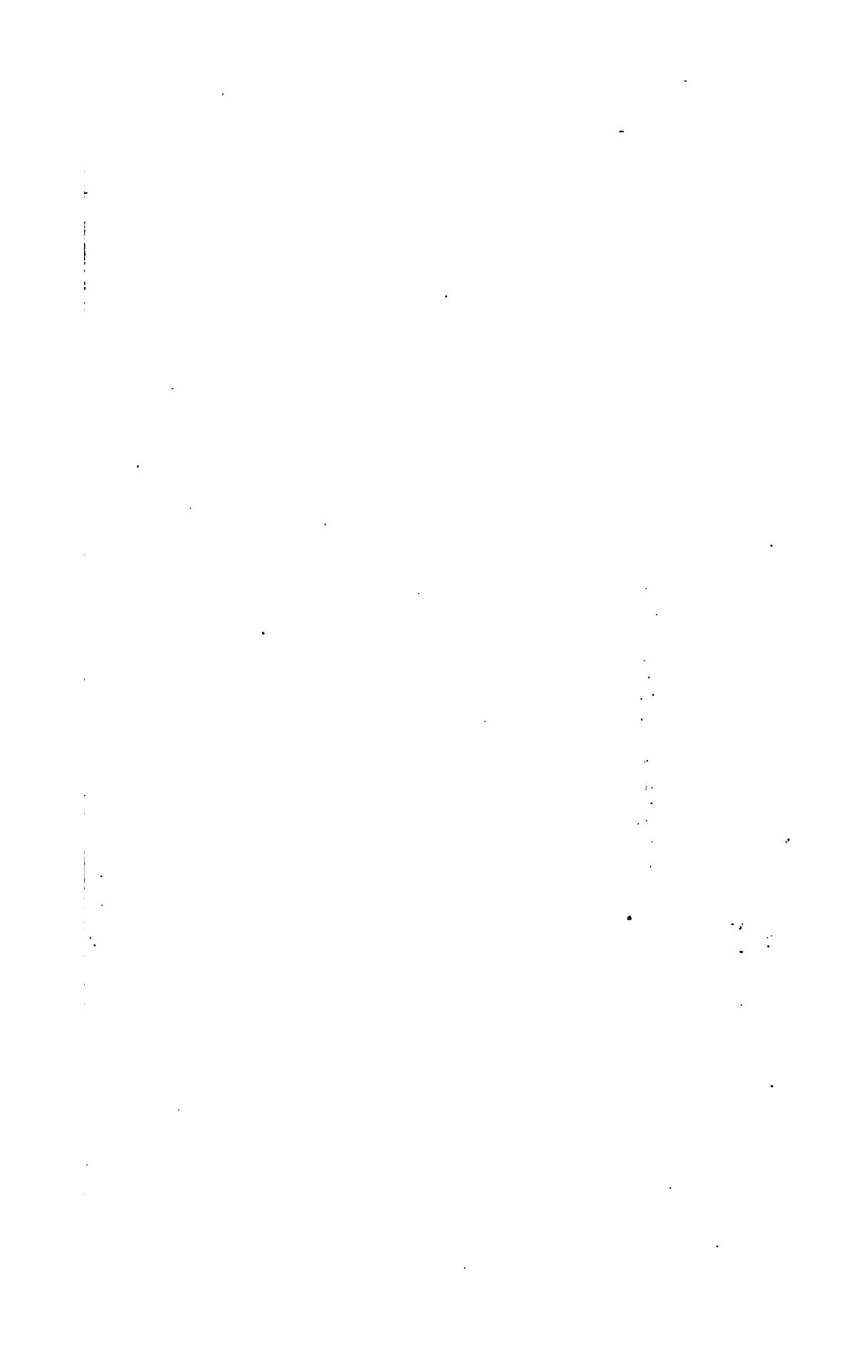
(Like

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(Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls)
Mixed with the murmurs of the falling main,
Addressed, began: &c. —————

LIBERTY: Part the IVth, v. 293.

What I have written of Dr. JOHNSON, I have written without any anxiety about the illiberal cavils, and censures which it may excite; for it has been written without any sinister influence; dispassionately and impartially, in the defence of civil, and literary truth. I admire those writings of that great man which deserve admiration:—his Preface to his Dictionary is a model of fine composition; his Ramblers are treasures of knowledge, of wisdom, and of eloquence; an eloquence, however, which is often loaded, and injured by such heavy, and cumbrous words as have never been used, and will never be adopted by any truly elegant writer. I cannot say much in favour of his RASSELAS, though it is a favourite of Mr. BOSWELL. It excites not warm attention; and it is declamatory without being ardent. His IDLERS are entertaining; and they are in general free from that pedantry of style, which is too apt to deform his writings. His life of SAVAGE is, in every respect, an interesting, amiable, and beautiful production. He has given proofs to the world of his very uncommon poetical abilities.—When he wrote the Lives of our Poets, he evidently showed, that his faculties were on the decline, and that he was intoxicated with his consequence, and with his fame. As his intellect was losing its vigour, his political, and superstitious prejudices were gaining strength; and by *them*, not by judgement, and taste, he determined the merit, or demerit of his authours. Those lives, likewise, are hastily, and superficially written; in *them*, and in innumerable instances, he sacrilegiously endeavours, but in vain, to tear from the tombs of the illustrious Dead, those laurels which had been planted round them by the fine, and infallible Enthusiasm of *Human Nature*. When the present busy, and paltry machinations of interest shall act no more; when the talents of the Departed, and of the Living shall be justly appreciated by posterity; it will be found that *those lives* are a Disgrace to English Literature.



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